THE WAY TO WIN

AND OTHER POEMS

By DAVID WILKIE GRAHAM

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The Way to Win

David Wilkie Graham.

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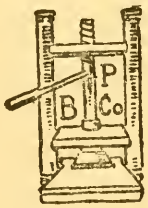
[AND OTHER POEMS]

BY

David Wilkie Graham



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To Inda.

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The Way to Win

THE way to win, I've often heard it said,
was just like this:
To conquer all the fate you can, and never
think you'll miss.
Go right ahead, day after day; you'll come
right out on top;
And, when you've reached your goal at last,
be sure and think to stop.

Should troubles come and want to take you off
with them sometimes,
Sit down and listen for a bit, to understand
their chimes;
But don't sit long, just jump right up; let
trouble go its way—
You're wanted in a differ'nt class, who says,
"I'll win alway."

The Way to Win

THE REWARD OF LABOR.

THEY mount great pyramids with song,
Who build them piece by piece;
They climb to monuments so strong,
Who labor without cease.
With energy, they gain their wealth;
Good tidings come their way,
Luck is no word, but golden health
Sings sweetly night and day.
Their policy, who climb to fame,
Is stamped with footprints deep;
High slogans execute their aim
And build in this great world a name,
Fame's honors now they reap.

THE ENGINEER.
(H. D.)

A SOLDIER is the engineer;
He takes his life in hand,
And guides his engine o'er the rail
That circles all the land.

He sits and often faces death,
But never leaves his ground;
We'll honor, then, the engineer—
A hero all around!

A hero? Yes, his eyes are keen,
For danger he may find;
With hand on throttle, on he speeds,
Like lightning comes the sign!

The red flag waves, the train has passed—
Once more it rushes by;
A thousand lives perhaps are saved,
By one true, steady eye.

All honor, then, to him who guides,
  Or saves a helpless brother;
For only they are truly great,
  Who live for one another.

GOLDEN AUTUMN.

GLAD night in golden autumn time,
Two sweethearts took a roam;
Thus wandered by a shady clime,
Close by the maiden's home.
The pale moon shone so bright and fair
From heaven's starry sky,
Upon love's maiden with her hair
In velvet curls roached high.
True love it lingered in their breast,
Soft beauty bloomed so fair;
Love's wreath of fragrant lone greatness
Shown gaily from the purple west,
The yearning hearts of rare gladness,
Illumed the crystal air.

Bright lays of mellow music sang
Love's melody so sweet,
And eminently the woods rang,
They, cherry airs would meet.
Close by, a distant wood gave scent,
Choice perfume filled the air;

In woodlands now the lovers went,
Seemed with poetic care.
Beneath the autumn trees they dwell;
Love's palace colored wall;
For here can only sweethearts dream,
Their silken stories weave and tell;
Arrayed with loveliness and gleam,
Enriching somber fall.

Rich was the eve, exquisite, too,
Resplendent shone the light,
Upon the fair-faced maiden, through
The tree-tops colored bright.
Bouquets and wreaths of lyre and love
Enshrouded with creation—
Made all the radiant stars above
Whole nature now relation.
True love it lingered in their breast,
In marvelous array;
Love's jewel clusters of greatness
So lofty is affection's rest;
The scene grows immense with gladness,
To show sweet lovers way.

Renowned was all effulgent lyre,
Their lucid thoughts would rhyme;

Exquisite was young youth's attire,
The wedding-bells now chime.
Creation throbs with joy and tear,
Real love can live on bread:
Mature years of sweethearts dear,
Intense affection wed.
Love's flame burned with a glowing ray,
Fair autumn's beauty shone;
Beneath the polished glade and glen,
Illumed, enriched in great array,
Aloft and pensive—fortune's urren;
Her love was now his own.

JUST AHEAD.

DO not give clear up to trouble,
Never fall beneath your aim;
Even though your work is double,
And you're farther off from fame.

There are better days next season,
If you'll but sit down and wait;
Just be on the watch and reason,
Soon you'll surpass such as fate.

Just ahead the thickets aided,
Here you'll see success at last;
Now all trouble, seems, is faded,
And the gloomy days are past.

TO ROBERT BURNS.

BRING forth the bagpipes, blow on them a tune,
Sound, if you will, the scented afternoon;
For years ago, dear Scotland was possessed,
With cheery airs that lingered in his breast.
Ah, hail the day! We'll give him the great glory,
Who, blazing with this fire of love and song;
Our hearts and souls will proudly tell the story,
By doing so, our thoughts will not go wrong.

Bring forth the bagpipes, blow on them a tune,
Our hearts are proud of this great afternoon;
Though years have passed, there is that endless love,
To show his glowing richness from above.
Our mind roams back to precious Highland Mary,
Here we will find sincere and true devotion;
'Twas Burns's love, a love that ne'er did tarry,
On land or sea, nor on the painted ocean.

Bring forth the bagpipes, blow on them a tune,
The mellow music's in the afternoon;
Our souls leap up to welcome the great chime;
For heaven's fruit is but dear Burns's rhyme.
The tuneful richness of his welcomed airs
Are golden streams of pure and noble thought,
A spring with silvered veins found everywhere;
Behind each word, withal, divinely wrought.

Bring forth the bagpipes, blow on them a tune;
For years ago, upon this afternoon,
A singer, with emotional heart and soul,
Found ample footing here to us control;
A hero who lofty heights has founded,
Yet, in the lowest depths, he sought real charm;
Rare sculpture he has drawn well and rounded;
The world is glad, the earth thou didst alarm.

LONELY TO-NIGHT.

ALL alone, my room is silent,
Not a friend to talk with me;
Aha! so lonely, yes, so lonely,
Not a comrade do I see.

My stove is burning brightly near,
Making glad a time so still,
All the pleasures of the farm house,
Thus all's like a lucent rill.

The moon is shining in my window,
My lamp is out, but I can see;
Aha! so great, so many beauties
In the distance, is a tree.

There! a star fell from the heavens;
Shooting quickly through the sky;
Did it reach the meadow yonder,
Or flame a moment but to die?

MUSIC OF THE BELLS.

'TWAS nine o'clock, one Sunday morn, my soul it sought delight.
I heard sweet church-bells ringing and my heart was in a flight.
The morning's breeze was just enough to make the air so clear,
It drove the ringing of the bells to sound right in my ear.
Each clasp and gong against the bell, it almost made my soul
Leap up within and soar me off—seems like it had control.

Soon other churches rang their bells, and now my mind roamed off,
To happy chimes of other worlds, where man is free from scoff;
Where all is fair, and flowers bloom, sweet birdies in the air,

And bells are always gonging, seems with the
greatest care.
'Tis music of such splendor and with loftiness
sublime;
In other worlds we'll journey still, then, with
the bells in chime.
Here bells are heavy tolling, too, and fondness
fills the breeze,
The wealthy breaths of sweetness, is ever
growing 'neath the trees;
And gleaming cliffs with shaded dells im-
bedded with his rays,
Are twined around my hungry soul a russet
sunset haze;
The richly polished echoes of tenderest mellow
love,
Send forth the tolling chimes in rhyme far
from the home above.

BRIGHT CLIMES.

DO not feel so broken-hearted,
When you fail or make mistakes;
For your troubles will be parted,
Courage is all that it takes.

Never even be so humble,
As to sit around and fret;
For the world will, in a rumble,
Call you old failure's pet.

Dare not act or feel so lonely,
At the little ills of life;
Have success your motto only,
Labor hard, forget mere strife.

Here's a motto that is crowning,
Take and heed it, learn it well:
Never give yourself to frowning;
In bright climes, you'll always dwell.

THE WOODLANDS.

NATURE'S like a painted picture,
Framed with golden words of pearl,
Richly is the colored texture,
Lyrics sparkle in the whirl.
Chiseled deep and made resplendent,
Is the lofty life that dwells,
Cherished by the hills and forests,
Happiness shines bright in dells.
Forest woodlands all in quietness,
'Neath the greenage trees so rare,
So consistent with true likeness,
Clusters shine forever there.
Nature, with her noble woodlands,
Gloom of life, they take away—
Nature, with her fragrant woodlands,
Sunny smiles, she gives alway.

Echoes sound so rich and mellow,
Cow-bells impart still more life;
Jeweled summits gleaming yellow,
Radiant here, away from strife.

Rudiments have now been given,
Mere first steps strewn in the wood,
Airs of forest isles have striven
To embellish livelihood.
Squirrels romp, prancing in the tree-tops,
Prettily with silver backs;
Grandeur lurks within their store-shops,
Nature's cage and woodland racks.
Nature with her noble woodlands,
Gloom of life, they take away—
Nature, with her fragrant woodlands,
Sunny smiles, she gives alway.

Songsters sing rich lyrics loudly
Captivating their grand wood;
Fleeting notes they sing so proudly;
Fanciful the Robin's hood.
Here the glist'ning earth now excels;
Flowers bloom with yearning love
Beauty soars which lofty compels;
Gilded ridges fringed above.
Softer airs, now richer crowning,
Twinkling echoes in the glade,
Beauties dainty, glowly, frowning,
Pensive, in the forest shade.
Nature with her noble woodlands,

Gloom of life, they take away—
Nature, with her fragrant woodlands,
Sunny smiles, she gives alway.

Crystal creeks and sunny mountains,
Lustrous, superb, merry dells;
Enchanting like a renowned fountain
That in woods alone can dwell.
Skies inspired—even spellbound,
Celebrating nature rare.
Choirs of fondness chime the year round;
Elegance so gleaming fair.
Chiseled deep and made resplendent,
Is the lofty life that dwells,
Cherished by the hills and forests,
Happiness shines bright in dells.
Nature with her noble woodlands,
Gloom of life, they take away—
Nature, with her fragrant woodlands,
Sunny smiles, she gives alway.

LOVE'S GARDEN.

A CHERUB, so charming and one whom I knew,
Plucked sacred a rose that was bathed in love's dew.
The leaves were of velvet, the posy was white,
And the dew a sweet kiss on a lover's night.
Rose flower, its perfume was brilliant with love,
None other affection lest that from above.

A flower of beauty, so fond was her heart;
Renowned was our friendship—rose love without part.
The true leaves and stem, with their greenage so rare,
Sang dearly to me mellow music with care.
Rose flower, its perfume was brilliant with love,
None other affection lest that from above.

The white rose said sweetly, "I'm worthy of you."
All flowers are pleasing if washed with love's dew;
When proud souls of sweethearts in youth's happy prime,
They're gems of love's garden told sweetly in rhyme;
Rose flower, its perfume was brilliant with love,
None other affection lest that from above.

BACHELORS' REUNION.

"SHAKE hands, pard; shake hands, old comrade,
Put her there both strong and true.
How is Earl, my dear companion?
Oft I sit and think of you.
Been away, old friend and schoolmate,
To the wilds—a foreign clime,
Roaming round through woods and jungle,
Regions with a buoyant prime."

"Yes, I thought you looked familiar.
Art, you haven't changed one bit;
Ha, those eyes are still familiar,
Like the head wherein they sit.
Boy, you're looking well and hearty;
Seems to me you've grown, though,
Since the days of school's old parting,
When the bell swung to and fro."

"Don't commence upon the subject,

Better leave such words unsaid,
Why, what is it? What's the trouble?
All the friends of school all dead?"
"Not exactly, Earl—but listen:
Now we're both way up in age,
Neither one of us is married;
How we spoil the old class page."

"Good for you, old baldhead bachelor;
Just the way I thought 'twould be;
Since I've been away for ages,
How this all comes back to me."
"Move your chair up closer, brother,
Lay your hat upon the bed;
Take a cushion chair, old bachelor,
Here's a pillow for your head."

"Art, how is your old friend, Lula?
Lilly, too, you know I liked.
Tell about our girls of school days.
Have they married since I hiked?"
"You have asked me quite a question.
Earl, you don't know how I feel.
Out the window are two children—
My, all this, it don't seem real!"

"Let me finish for you, comrade.
They're the children of our girls;
Ha, those old days of past ages
Are enough to make new worlds."
"Come on, cheer up, pard, old spinster,
Right this way, see from the hall:
Just the thing old slow-poke bachelors
Have to fall on last of all."

Here the friends stood in the doorway,
Looking at the dishes great;
Both old bachelors now were laughing
At the fact they *both* were late.

WE'LL TOIL ALWAY.

DO not feel bad, my friend, do not feel bad,
When things go wrong in this old world below.
Care not for that which often makes us sad,
But go right on, forget plain worldly show.

What is it, anyway, to gain renown!
'Tis but the pleasures of a week, a year.
Ah, better far to win the promised crown,
In other worlds where man is free from fear.

What does a person make to gain mere fame,
Or go to foreign climes to study books,
By toiling reach a priceless name,
In this drear world, and then is but the looks.

The thing to do, my friend, is simply this:
We'll aim at being something great and grand;
Perchance it is our luck sometimes to miss;
But do our best—this thing, we will demand.

THE SUNNY SIDE.

ALOFT upon the billows roll,
There lurks a fellow mortal.
Here duty let us go and do—
The tossing tide we'll help him through—
And greet a fellow mortal.

Our privileges and blessings, when
Put forth in helping others,
Make beautiful the grandest thing.
With cheery hearts, we sweetly sing
Our joys in helping others.

We'll labor then for love and good,
Uplifting all around us.
The wealth of man so truly rare,
Twined round real love most everywhere
The sunny side's around us.

THE PLAIN GIRL.

SHE may not look as nice, perhaps,
As the girl all dress and show;
She may not be so up-to-date—
Each night out with a beau.

Perhaps she does not care for pearls,
Or hundred dollar horses;
But you can almost see yourself
Right in the plates she washes.

Your mother was this kind of girl,
So why be so fanatic—
And pick on flirts and painted bells
Too ignorant for an attic.

The plain girl may not know so much,
As prettier ones pretend;
But in my eye, she's far ahead—
And wins with all wise men.

CURE FOR THE TOOTHACHE.

IF you have a tooth that's sore,
You'd better let the dentist bore;
If you don't, look out when
It starts to ache and pain again.

Go to him and let him see
Just how easy is his fee;
In your mouth the tooth he'll find,
And your dollars he'll unbind.

A LITTLE BIG-HEADED BOY.

A LITTLE boy, they say it was, who had
the biggest head.
It almost even bothered him whenever he went
to bed;
As soon as he would hit the tick, why down the
slats would go,
And throw the great, big-headed boy right
smack upon his toe.

He'd jump right up and try again, he cared not
for his rest;
For little boys with great big heads must try
to do their best.
So back upon the tick once more, but only for
a while;
Now slats and all soon fell again, and all lay in
a pile.

He seemed to be real full of fun to have a head
so big,

Why, often, on a clear, fine day, quite frequent he would jig.
This was a novel thing indeed, whene'er he chanced to dance;
You'd feel like drawing in your feet, for fear of a mischance.

A handy boy, you bet he was, to have a head so great.
He worshiped all good things to eat; in this, he had no mate.
But trouble struck this little man, and soon got tired; for
When last I heard of Jonny Jones, his bed was on the floor.

NATURAL GAS AT LAST.

WHAT! Natural gas at last?
Come off! Old foggy ideas past?
So it's breakfast in five minutes,
Dinner in an hour,
Supper in one-half the time—
There's nothing like its power.

Who thought of gas, first, anyway?
Seems like they're gettin' awful smart,
To burn this "liquid" in a pipe;
Looks to me like old-time art.
'Tis better, though, than coal or wood;
And "Natural Gas" is here for good.

THE OLD BUGGY.

AS years pass o'er, and time goes fast,
Old scenes still lurk about the past;
My mind so often starts to roam,
And wanders back to that old home,
The sight I saw, the very last,
Was dad's old time-worn buggy.

Since days and months—yes, even years—
The scene comes back, but now with tears;
Old homestead of a fonder time,
Yes, sweeter far, then found in rhyme;
My memory often slightly hears—
The noise of dad's old buggy.

Heed thou there is a voice without,
I feel as if I'd like to shout;
For here, alas, it comes so plain,
The noise it 'pears is in the lane;
With gladness let us all look out.
It's dad's old time-worn buggy.

WOMAN VERSUS NEWSPAPERS.

HAVE you ever met a woman who was not
the talking kind?
No, I do not believe it's possible; they're
mighty hard to find.
Don't it look and seem so funny, that a woman
is this way,
Always on the jabber, jabber, constantly
something to say.
What's the use to have newspapers? Just a
money game, I think.
Why not let the women "have it," so's to save
a constant brink?
Come on, please give up the papers, for the
women, if you please;
Let them tell you all about it, for it comes with
O such ease!

Where is it, I often wonder, that they find so
much to say?

Can it be that they are "different," and just
have this natural way?
Now it's strictly confidential, but you must not
ever tell,
I will put you next right shortly, if you hold
your breath a spell.
Most always when a woman talks, she does not
know her failing,
A great deal like a person sick who does not
know his ailing;
But papers all and magazines will have to take
a back seat;
For, when a woman starts to talk, it's hard for
her to get beat.

The papers speak of reminiscences and curi-
ous freaks and races;
But, entertaining as it is, 'tis all from one great
basis;
Because the sketches from the press were first
told by the women
And then set up and put in type to float as
easy swimmin'.
The great demand for news nowadays is fur-
nished by the wire,

From kings a-dying on the street, or some
great luring fire.
Most notably the news is old when read by
women readers;
Because it's just as plain as day, "the women
are the leaders."

You know, I said we soon would learn why
women are such talkers,
Well, sir, 'tis just the very same that they are
such mean balkers:
Sometimes I think it's in their sex, and they
must give it airing
In doing so, they oft get free and think no
one's a-caring;
But women are all right we know; yet there's
that little ailing—
They talk, and talk, and talk, and talk; but
still 'tis woman's failing.

I HAD A DREAM.

ONE Christmas eve, I had a dream, and dreamed a vision rare,
It was not of dear Santa Claus, but of my father's mare.
The horse got mad and kicked, I dreamed, and don't you know,
I went right up and 'round the moon, alighting on my toe.

My mother ran and grabbed me up. She said, "My boy, what's this?"
I smiled and said, "Why, mother, dear!" She whipped me with a kiss.
Here I looked 'round and there was Nell, who smiled and said to me,
"I'm not the horse that kicked you, son; you're naughty as can be."

Now soon again the scenes all changed; here stood old Santa Claus.

He had a sour look and said, "I'll eat you in
my pause."
Old Santa made a break at me; I hit him in
the face.
My mother soon came running in, for I had
broke a vase.

"Here, little man, what's this you've done?
Old Santa won't like you,
For hitting mama very hard while stuffing up
your shoe."
Now soon I opened up my eyes, alas, but now
too late!
For mother stood just o'er my bed; she handed
me a date.

I guess I ate too much that eve, of puddin' and
rich stuff;
For ever since I've always said, that guessed
I'd had enough.
But O that time I caught my ma and had such
dreams galore!
Old Christmas don't seem like itself, nor it
won't any more.

WHAT HE DOES IS BEST.

OUR darling baby is no more,
For He has called it home;
Aha, but can we yet calmly bear
To thus be left alone?

For two brief years the babe was given,
The happiest years of all;
Aha, then came our deepest sorrow,
And wrapped us in its pall.

But just before our first born died,
Another came to bless;
And thus our grief was turned to joy,
For what He does is best!

A SURPRISE.

ONE time, I had a girl, my friend; and
don't you know, I fret
Whenever I think of how she did. It even
hurts me yet.
Her told me that *her* loved me, and *her* told
me that *her* thought
That I was just the one for her, and that she
even bought
A baby-buggy, and some clothes, to make the
thing complete.
And don't you know that scared me, so I al-
most left my seat.

You bet I rose and said to her, "What do you
take me for?"
But, all at once, why she leaned back and broke
out in a roar:
"What is the matter with you, dear? You
seem to be so cool."

So I just simply up and said, "You must think
I'm a fool."
Now think, for girls to talk like this is most
too far along;
For it was but my millionth time to visit on
her lawn.

You'll no doubt be surprised right here, to find
out who "her" was.
The climax is not reached till last. I thought
it best, because
Such stories are all read by those who want
to find out so,
It is my father who, they say, is this grand
lady's beau.
These mothers like to joke sometimes, so here
mine picked on me;
So we just had a little fun as simple as could
be.

HIS BROTHER.

"MAMMA, where's my little brother,
That you speak so much about;
I have never seen him, have I?
'Cept his picture, 'bove the couch."

"No, dear, you have never seen him,
'Cept his picture, 'bove the couch.'
He's in heaven with the angels—
Where he's been four years—about."

"Did he like the farm, dear mamma,
Where it's quiet and nice each day;
And did papa, too, love brother,
Just like you and sister May?"

"Yes, my darling, we all loved him;
But he's in the old church yard;
There he waits the Resurrection—
It's his picture on the card."

ONCE WHEN A BOY.

ONCE when a boy, I took my girl to have
her picture taken;
So off we went to see the man who his shop
had forsaken.
Here now we called upon a place, the best they
say in town.
He smiled at her just as he took her sweet
impression down.

When asked "just for ten dollars," why I put
the money down,
And walked away with, as I thought, the dear-
est girl in town.
A week soon passed, and here it was time to
go back once more.
But, sad to say, my friend, 'tis true, I dropped
right on the floor.

The picture man made eyes at her, and right
before my face.

She, too, returned these looks to him; they could not be erased.
For now, alas, the picture man had won her with his charm;
I walked right out of his old place, the girl not on my arm.

This cooked me with these picture men; I'm through with them for good.
I wouldn't love another girl, not even if I could.
The world's a farce; there's nothing sure in this here age and day;
But I should have my trousers kicked for being such a jay.

THIS WORD, EDUCATION.

DOES it do a person any good
To know where Burns was born?
Or to learn of South America,
And the dangers of Cape Horn?

Now who, I ask, was Shakespeare, yes,
And who was Milton, blind?
And where did Bunyan get his wife—
This knowledge I would find.

There's Equador and Chili, too,
At times, they're all the talk;
I wonder what the folks there do,
I'd go, if I could walk.

There's Ireland and there's Italy, why,
In one, they wear no shoes;
In t'other, just to speak its name,
Will make you think of booze!

But that's the way with this old world,
Ther're many things to grasp;
But all you have to do, young man,
Is just to sit and ask.

Some teachers, so it oft appears,
Are way behind the rest,
When it comes to actual learning,
Or what will help us best.

Is education just plain facts,
Just plain "git up and go,"
Or is it just an endless task,
To show off what you know?

If style we get from Paris, say,
And wit from 'cross the sea;
Our shoes from good old Boston-town,
What dandies we should be.

I'd like to know the meaning well,
Of "education fine,"
I'd talk with more rapidity,
Of this, or that, or thine.

The zones, the hemispheres, and such;
  Each country and each state—
I'd give a nickel, if I had
  The whole world "on my slate."

ADVERTISE.

WHEN you advertise, beware!
Don't fall in the usual snare;
Read it once and read it twice;
See that it is worth the price.

Then:
Have your windows looking fine,
All the best that's in your line.
Do this stunt day after day,
Watch the public come your way!

A NIGHT-OWL FARCE.

WHEN you've been out late of evenings
and your head gets mighty big,
Soon it almost gets to dancing in a seesaw
kind o' jig.
This is when there's something doing, and you
hate to tell it out;
For it's when your speech is shaky, bearing lit-
tle flaws of doubt

Promptly, you get up next morning, kind o'
hate to tell "the wife,"
How each utterance 'most chokes you, and
you're tired of your life.
This is when there's something doing and you
hate to tell it out;
For it's when your speech is shaky, bearing lit-
tle flaws of doubt.

After answering all the questions, like the vic-
tim of a crime,

And the woman whom you married starts to
give you broken rhyme.
This is when there's something doing, and you
hate to tell it out;
For it's now your speech is faded, leaving lit-
tle flaws of doubt.

Suppose you wake up the next morning—been
witnessing bad dreams,
Find the head has grown double, where "the
wife's" hit you, it seems.
This is when there's something doing, and
things seem—well, say about
Just like you were all doubled up, and then
turned wrong side out.

CHOICE OF WORDS.

THESE Latin words the smarties use, are
getting mighty stale;
The people nowadays want it straight "Smith's
Pure Cider Ale."
All losh stuff told in Latin now, is deemed not
worth a cent;
Because the put-on air we find, is usually for
rent.

Now if you've got a thing to say, come out and
say it plain;
Be not so careless as the one who uses words
not sane.
Most every time you see a man use stuff above
his reach,
He just aims to show off a bit, and wants to
be a "peach."

Of course, he is a peach, I say, but of a worth-
less grade;

Because he soon smokes out of stuff, thus warping in the shade;
Sometimes he often sits and thinks just how to make a hit,
And springs a joke so awful old it don't touch us a bit.

Right here is where he should refrain from trying to get cute,
For fear of injuring sources who'll be pall-bearers when he's mute.
As notable and great he is, yet fatal is the word—
Of they who try to spring a joke in language that's not heard.

A LAZY MAN'S JOB.

SOME people think I'm just a fool to sit
and write this stuff.
They say there's nothing in it; still, that's true
all right enough.
Some think I'd better go to work like other
men, and then—
To get the knack of knowing if it wasn't with
a pen.

You're right, my friend, I know it, too. There's
nothing in it; but
It seems as if this is the thing that I was al-
ways cut.
It's easy and as free from pay, the only "ill"
it's got;
But still these lazy people must needs hunt an
easy lot.

THE PATH ACROSS THE CAMPUS.
(To S. A. D.)

THE path across the campus is a path I can't forget;
It lingers in my memory still—I never will forget!
Amid the pretty trees of green it wound its grassy splendor—
The old-time path that used to lure—it makes my heart grow tender.
I seem to see the boys all there, as in the days gone by;
Old friends, old path, old college dear, you bring tears to my eye!
Aha! the boys who ran and scampered o'er that campus green,
Are those who never can forget fond memory's school-day scene!

IT SEEMS TO ME.

IT seems to me some girls have got an awful lot of gall,
To sit around on porches and refuse to speak at all.
It seems to me they're kind o' sick and partial to theirself.
Sometimes I think they ought to be on a little dainty shelf.
It seems to me their dad sometimes should take them aside,
And tell them if they can't act fair to here no more abide;
It seems to me that girls all ought to right here hold their breath;
'Cause, like as not, their mothers worked themselves almost to death.

It seems to me, there are such girls who always, so it's said,

Just sit around and chew their cud to beat old
woolly Ned.
It seems to me such girls ought try and wipe
a dish or two,
If nothing else than for to say, "for some man
I will do."
It seems to me some girls they say, we've often
heard 'twas true,
Eve gawk into the looking-glass and paint
their eyebrows blue.
It seems to me such silly things ought have a
little sense;
For who would want to talk with her while at
the old man's fence?

It seems but just like nonsense, almost every
time I see
These girls all powdered up and fixed with
rags that bother me.
It seems to me they should stay home or in
the tailor-shop,
In wax, or in store windows, for the people
when they stop.
It seems to me the girls nowadays are going
most too far;

For men who are as plain as me, they quite
leave in the marr.
It seems to me these social girls are just a
cheap put-on;
For all they know is just big words "they're
flowers on a lawn."

It seems to me, there is a class, and often
thought I'd like;
They're girls who go to schools of art, and
learn to ride a bike.
It seems to me this color's great, e'er pleasing
to the eye;
They like to flirt with all the men and every
passer-by.
It seems to me, we have more yet, girls in an-
other class;
This kind you almost kick yourself whene'er
you chance to pass.
It seems to me this grade of girls are in the
market when—
You've finished 'bout a million schools, and
don't know nothin' then.

It seems to me some girls to-day, they just
know how to sing,

And others just know how to boast of a cheap diamond ring.
It seems to me there're others still, who only know the name
Of some great brand of whisky; course this knowledge, too, is tame.
It seems to me, yet more we have, whose wisdom should be told.
'Tis girls who are like dressed-up sticks, and in a tin-foil fold.
It seems to me such high up "G's" should go and ask old Eve,
Just why it is they are this way, and see before they leave.

It seems to me, I've quite forgot the best girl of the lot;
She's not just like the others, and we're all so glad she's not.
It seems to me, the best is last, it always is the way.
Proclaim it as in times of old, "The plain girl reigns to-day!"
Here I will leave it up to you, please think it over twice.

Should you not get an answer then, why think
. it over thrice.
It seems to me, though, such as this—right to
the male that's vexed,
Will be a dandy lesson if the girls do not get
next.

NO DIFFERENCE.

WHEN leaving home and just a lad, I
kissed my girl good-by,
And jumped upon a moving train, and left her
on the fly.
'Twas rather hard for us to part, we loved
each other so;
For all our lives we went to school and lived
in the same row.

Sometimes I think of younger days. We
wrote so awful much,
Was rather hard for her to grasp my mean-
ing. I was Dutch.
But soon the years brought changes, which so
often is the case;
And now our love of babyhood was easy to
erase.

Another name was on her mind. Pshaw, such
is my old luck!

Confound it all to thunder, it is hard to rhyme
this truck.
But, pleasing, I can see her smile enchanting
to the core,
Is my old girl of boyhood days. I cannot have
no more.

Pshaw, what's the matter with myself! I
shouldn't act this way.
For men, they say, ain't got no heart to paint
this grand array.
Repulsive, yes, I just detest the very thought
of love,
And abominate the pesky girls, to call them
"baby-dove!"

Ho! Ho! I fear my pen is rude, the ink is
rather thick;
It almost 'pears my mind is roaming off too
awful quick.
Excuse me, though, for all of this. Alas, I'm
married now!
And women are all just the same, especially
in a row.

HE KNEW IT ALL.

IN this world, there are people—but only a few—
Who know it all.
Oft it seems to the masses plain knowledge will do;
And, by toiling with patience, sometimes they pursue,
But don't know all.
There's a man on my mind now I plainly can see,
And would give all the world if he only was me;
'Cause I'd want to be him, so's a genius to be—
He knows it all.

It is useless to tell him of all the great things,
Of the birds and the flowers, the artist that sings.
His reply comes right back, but in language that stings,
"Keep still, I know it all."

He never read tracts, nor the Bible, nor papers,
Because that he knows all stale, worn-out capers.
The pipe that he smokes was e'ver lit with a taper.
He knew it all.

Perchance there were moments I had to unfold,
So would read him a book; but it soon get too old.
Here provoked he would get, and break out and call,
"Keep still, go to thunder;
For
I
know
it
all!"

BAD TEMPER.

IT is better not to fret,
It is better not to whine,
If you worry over trifles,
It is just a waste of time.

If you feel your temper going,
Better call a halt and say,
"I'm a pretty fellow, ain't I?
To be cussing 'round this way!"

Leave the evil and the anger
To the man who's mean and small;
Hold your temper mighty firmly—
If you don't, you'll slip and fall.

MY IDEAL.

BOTH at night and early morn,
I see a palace distant;
It seems to rise midst waving corn—
This palace so consistent.

The pasture lane will take you there,
And you can dream all day;
Be happy, O as happy there
As sweet-born flowers in May.

And there you'll find a budding tree,
Upon the lawn so green;
It's trembling leaves are thick and free—
Aha, lofty beauteous scene!

WHAT "WE-ALL" DO.

MY father is a Butcher,
And likes the business fine;
My brother is a Banker,
Four times a day he'll dine.
My uncle is a Tanner—
Makes shoes for people's feet;
My grandpa's just a Farmer,
And sells green stuff to eat.
My cousin is a Doctor
Who kills and cuts, or—cures;
My aunt has gone in politics,
The vote of man procures;
My mother is a Baker,
She knows just what it'll take
To feed a worthless beggar
Who poetry would make.

SUN AND MAN.

THE sun is setting in the west;
Like man it sinks at eve to rest.
The brilliant sun, the brilliant sky;
Like man, the sun and clouds go by.

The sky is full of golden light,
Soft harbinger of coming night,
If true, his life and work well done,
Man's shining aftermath will come.

LOVE'S FLOWER.

THERE is a flower that I adore,
A flower that I can have no more;
'Tis not a crimson, budding rose,
To cheer me in this world of prose;
Aha! but 'tis the sweetest thing
That even this sad world may bring.

Aha! don't think it's just a flower!
It is, instead, a hidden power.
Yet still I grieve, for all is o'er;
She said she was my own no more!
O death! that I should have to part
With that sweet flower of my heart!

Each morn, when I awake from sleep,
Aha! my dreams I'd like to keep.
I seem to be on emerald isles,
And then at sea a thousand miles!

My sweetheart is the beacon light;
Her face shines in my dreams each night.

Each thought is like a golden hour,
An inspiration full of pow'r;
Aha! am I indeed bereft,
Is nothing of love's riches left?
My thoughts of her—I have these yet,
And bless, and bless the day we met!

Aha! but I still remember well,
The night we parted, tears that fell;
She sat by me so sad and sweet,
I longed to fall down at her feet;
To build for her a mansion fine,
And make her thus forever mine.

She promised my sweetheart to be,
And made my heart grow light and free;
Concisely set the day, and then—
And then,—aha! she changed again:
She gave me up, her plighted one,
And my poor heart is all undone!

I can't forget her gentle grace,
And all the beauty of her face;

But as the summer's golden sun
  Flings shadows as the day is done,
Thus shadowed is the hidden power
  Of what was once love's own sweet flower.

FALL TIME.

HORSES grazing in the meadows,
Closed within the hedges brown;
November's grasses they are eating,
Hard and frosty on the ground.

Trees are robed in Autumn beauty,
Sentinels of early fall;
And the cattle grazing calmly,
Make a picture of it all.

Lonely is the quiet farmhouse;
From the windmill comes no sound;
Silently the hawks are flying—
Autumn stillness all around.

WHEN THE SUN OF LIFE IS SETTING.

WHEN the sun of life is setting,
And you have not reached your goal;
When your efforts mean regretting,
And no joy is in your soul,
Let this truth shine from above:
The sum of success is love!

LIGHTS DECEIVING.

WATCH the train, O watch it coming,
Just around the bend ahead;
Watch it as it comes a-humming,
Like a demon it is led.

Now I see its light a-gleaming,
Gleaming with a brilliant glow;
Watch it twinkling in the distance,
Watch it flashing from below!

Still a-humming and a-gleaming,
On it comes to nearer view!
See the smoke that's puffing from it—
Pshaw! a lightning bug is due!

SADNESS BEYOND SEA.

AWAY from home, friends and kindred,
Without a soul to cheer my way,
In the wilds away from Mildred,
What is life to me to-day?

Not a day or hour passes,
But I see her as of old;
For her face looks down upon me
Framed and set in burnished gold.

Sad and lonely at my window,
With no friend to speak with me,
Memory comes of that old homestead
In the orchard 'yond the sea.

Gayly sail the boats and vessels,
Near the coast and out at sea;
How I long to see my Mildred—
Mildred, dearly loved by me.

Aha! I see a postman coming.
  Will she say when we shall wed?
Aha! he hastens; now he's here:
  A letter! Oh, Alas, she's dead!

COMPARISON OF SCENERY.

YOU say you've been to Germany
And seen the beauties great;
To Ireland and to Scotland,
Such rare homes of fate.
You claim to have seen Italy
It's oddity all so rare;
I wonder if in heaven
We will get to see them there?

You claim you've seen the mountains,
The lakes, the deserts, strange,
I wonder if from heaven
One can view such things so plain?
You've evidently seen the world
It's picturesque, it's rareness great,
But what if when in heaven
You should register too late?

TWO BOYS.

TWO boys were left alone without a mother;
They did the best they could to one another.
They went to school and studied very hard,
And always got a good deportment card,
For they had loved their mother.

When school was out they always went to work,
And never once did they a duty shirk;
Their mother had been loving, good, and kind,
And her instructions still they wished to mind,
For they had loved their mother.

They tried to do the right, these noble boys;
In time, they realized the truest joys;
Success, to them, was but an open door;
The world was ever ready to add more—
All on account of mother!

NELLIE'S SAD SONG.

NOBODY cares for me no more,
Nor ever, I believe;
Unless it was my mamma dear;
But she, too, had to leave.

I'm hungry, and so cold, to-night;
And freezing—but no friend
Comes and offers to take me in,
Or any kindness lend.

O cruel world, O cruel world!
I wish that I could go,
And leave this wicked world behind,
The ones that hate me so.

I'm cast aside by all my friends,
And scorned by all I meet;
The town and country 'round about,
They turn me in the street.

I'm cold and ragged, O, so poor!
And hungry, too, dear Lord,
Come down and help a little waif—
Some comfort Thou'lt afford!

I'm sad, so sad; the world is dark;
The skies are no more blue;
But now, they've taken little Nell
Into the heavens true.

WHEN I TRAVELED.

I PACKED my grip and said good-by,
And kissed my little sisters;
I told them the old man was off
To Southland's burning blisters.

I left my home town safe and sound,
And rode about ten miles;
Gee! all at once we heard a noise,
That threw around the tiles!

The train was wrecked! Full of alarm,
The people screamed and fell.
They cried out for the engineer,
Consigning him to ——!

The trucks, it seemed, were turned about,
The engine off the track;
And there I was from "nowheres,"
A-cussin' the whole pack.

It soon turned cold, and mighty cold;
We sat and shook like ice;
But I was by a pretty girl,
And that, at least, was nice.

No one was hurt—but matters not;
For durned, if 'twasn't worse,
Than if the crew had been piled up,
And waiting for the hearse!

The train was soon fixed up again,
And off we went once more;
The prairie now was left behind,
And on our engines tore.

When we got into the depot
And made our change of cars,
The darned old train had just pulled out.
Mad? I just saw stars!!

The depot people eyed us all
As if we were a show.
Just think of waiting all the night,
And not a cent to blow!

"Want a bed? Some place to sleep?

Want a good hotel?
Then come along; I'll fix you sweet—
A dandy place, you know!"

But bet your boots, I stayed right there:
I'm 'fraid of hotel fires;
My bed was just a little hard,
But then I fooled those liars!

Give me the depot anyway;
You sit and watch the game
Of stuff, and how each one is "bled,"
Until it all gets tame.

When I got tired of reading, why,
I moved up toward the stove;
'Twas manufactured, I believe,
Well, for an iceberg grove.

'Twas big and round, and down I flopped
To get a little sleep;
'Tis true, I sprawled in such a way
As to absorb the heat.

I threw my feet high in the air,

My head it lay 'bout straight;
And then I just dozed off a bit,
And saved what some had "ate."

BORROWED TEN-SPOT.

I LOANED a man ten dollars once,
Who proved to be the wisest dunce;
I tried my best to get it back,
But he was wise—the best hand-tack.
For days and days, he would not pay,
So then I wrote to him this way:

"Will you please return that ten?
For if you don't, look for me when
The summer leaves are turned to brown,
And I come prancing into town.
Just hunt your check-book up and see
The ink that says you don't owe me!"

As to this note came no reply,
Again I let the good ink fly:
"Will you please return that ten?
If not to you I'll quickly send
A lawyer who will slap your back,
And make your check-book go ker-flap!

But if you don't want this surprise,
"Then send the ten-spot—that's the size!"

In answer to this urgent plea,
My borrower thus said to me:
"Here, old 'poet,' is your ten—
A few cuss-words I also send!"

THE CRIPPLED ONES.

THE saddest of all those below,
Are the crippled ones, and so
May we always do our best
With those who are not fully blest.
May we help the crippled ones along,
And sing to them a cheerful song;
I'll help the crippled ones I see;
Who knows the next one might be me.
Be good to them, for they are poor;
And never turn them from your door;
For unto others you should do,
As you would have them do to you.

MY TEACHER.

MY teacher's smart, I tell you what;
He teaches English, French and Greek
He's little, but he's got the goods—
And that's the thing to seek.
His eyes are set back in his head;
His burning up with tact;
But let me say he knows his trade—
And that's a certain fact.

JOHN SMITH, POET.

THEY say John Smith's a poet fine, and
dines three times a day.
'Tis said of him, he gets a dime for any word
he'll say.

He didn't like the name of Smith, so changed
it then to Brown;
And now they say he's stuck again; there's
twenty Browns in town.

He thought again he'd try and change his
name to William Jones;
But worst of all, for now he found a billion
in all zones.

THE AMERICAN BOY.

I LOVE the boy who loves his country;
Because it's right and it should be;
O crown the youthful, daring hero,
Who shouts, "My country, 'tis of thee!"

I worship the boy who stands for right,
Who knows the time to work or play;
His native land to him is dear—
He'll fight, and wave his flag alway!

WHEN I WAS YOUNG.

WHEN I was young, there was a girl who dressed just like a Jap,
And combed her charming hair up high—looks didn't count a rap.
The glitter of her brilliant eye was winning to my kind;
This girl she was the dearest girl, and always on my mind.

Her little arms were white as snow; when smiling she was sweet.
Sometimes I thought if she was fruit, I'd buy her just to eat.
Polite, well I should say she was; in this she reigned supreme.
My rare hopes were gratified with elevated gleams.
One night, she asked me down to swing, so went; and don't you know,

I sat right by this pretty miss while we swung
to and fro.
Her cultured speech soon won my heart; but
here the swing it swung,
Me out upon the velvet lawn, and I bit off my
tongue.

Here now the grand enchanting maid said
sweetly she was mad,
For all her previous lovers seemed quite quick
to grasp the fad.
I soon awoke from my mute sleep, and here
she said to me,
Profoundly as a Noble's bride, "These Japs
are bad, you see."

So back I went to that old swing upon the
lustrous porch.
'Twas here again we swung so fine beneath a
burning torch.
My store of words were soon used up; but
she kept right on going.
Her cheery words surpassed the breeze of lov-
ers out a-rowing.

The moon shone bright, the starlit sky was
limpid rare to see;
And soon again I went to sleep. Devotion
shone on me,
Majestic, yes, sublime and great; as I now took
a nap,
Elated with celestial charm, my head lay on
her lap.

DEAR OLD NELLIE.

THIS horse is 42 years old, and still living at the time of this writing, doing actual work required on the average meat route, in a small city by the name of Chelsea. She is adored by her proud Scotch owner and loved and worshipped by Joel, the meat boy; and with the many customers of the village market, there is no more glad time, then, when giving their order, they gently stroke the golden, velvety hide of favorite Nellie, and, like the writer, mutter to their souls within: "I wonder if there is a heaven for horses?"

DEAR OLD NELLIE.

My choice of animals is, well—I'll say the horse.
Aha! the reason's plain, for such a willing choice,

And you will see just why 'tis so: then hear me say
Why thus I cherish Nellie-horse; aha, her name
Was Nell; 'twill stand in history, and then live on;
A name she made, my dear old Nell, a name that's great.
You see, we grew together—were companions true;
In youth, 'twas Nellie-horse, that I first learned to love.
O, Nell! I loved you well, but now you're gone;
Aha! but in my memory yet, old Nell lives on!

CHEER UP!

CHEER up, my friends; why feel so blue?
No one has got it in for you.
The world, of course, seems strange at times;
But aim to hear the far-off chimes.
'Tis only by this novel means,
Success in life forever leans;
So cheer up, friend; why feel so blue,
When no one's got it in for you?

Cheer up, good friend; why feel so sad?
Why not aim high at being glad?
For there are things that are much worse,
In rhyme excuse me being terse;
But here it is as plain as day:
You do not try to mend your way.
So cheer up, friend, do not feel blue;
For this old world thinks high of you.

"THERE WAS A BOY."

THERE was a boy who had a girl,
And he was one year younger;
He dreamed he was as old as she—
That's what he did, by thunder!

He seemed to love this girl of his,
Just like a man much older;
He seemed to think it was his biz'—
And so forthwith grew bolder.

The youth kept up his gait until
He had the girl excited;
And then most happily they wed,
And true love was requited.

VICTORY.

MY friend, why look so sad and so forlorn—
There's sure to be another morn!
If it is victory that you would gain,
Just grapple on with might and main.
Man sees so many of his brothers fail;
Depends so little on himself;
But clench your fists, stand firm, and you'll prevail.
Make your demand, then calmly wait;
Fire your bullets; learn to smile at fate;
Look each man squarely in the face;
What if you faint or fall in the hard race?
Arise! heed thou the voice within:
"'Tis then that Victory is yours: You'll win!"

SUNBEAMS.

HIGH up, through an open window came
A ray of sweet sunshine;
It fell down upon a pale, thin face
Marked deep by pain and time.

The heavens opened so wide and fair;
His golden sun poured in;
The warm rays touched the sufferer there—
With Nature, thus made kin.

LIFE'S JOURNEY.

THIS life is like the tempest sea,
So fair at times and free;
Than bitter to the very core,
And cold and harsh toward me.

It roars like the foaming sea,
When surging with dense force;
The boat is lost and now 'twill be,
A struggle with a course.

The waves come gurgling up to me,
Their noise is black and odd;
I'll yield and give up to the sea,
For all are saved by God.

Now all is o'er so calm the sea,
The billows now are still;
For shelters given on yonder lee,
Upon His sunlit hill.

SWIMMIN' DAYS OF YORE.
(To Joe S.)

I WENT a-swimmin' with some kids,
I tell you we had fun;
A-divin' and a-duckin' in,
And swimmin' on the run.

We shouted and we hollered out,
And just "tore up the pond,"
A-shyin' mud, and duckin' 'em,
Such sport all boys are fond.

We spent the evenin' almost out,
Then bid good-by to water;
And climbed up the old slippery bank,
In just the way we oughter.

We started then to find our clothes,
And found them—all but one;
Some one had swiped his pantaloons,
And took out, on the run.

This made our pesky bunch so mad,
We knew not what to do;
So hunted 'round the high tall weeds,
The same as if 'twas you.

Old Joe, he just stood up and said:
"Confound those dirty dogs!
"I'd like to beat their stuffiin's out—
We'll hide behind the logs."

We looked around for 'bout an hour,
And searched the whole blamed woods,
A-huntin' and a-lookin' 'round—
But didn't find the goods.

Just then, we saw a man and asked
If he had seen those pants;
"Now don't give me none 'er yer sas,—
I'll make ye devils prance."

We went back to the starting-place,
Where several yet remained,
And found out to the gang's surprise,
More clothes had to be claimed.

This chap found out his shirt was gone;
He searched most everywhere—
He even looked into the pond—
But "Nixie" 'twas not there.

Now, Joe, he laughed and hollered at
The mate he now had got;
But Davie was so crazy mad,
He said he'd tell his pop!

The night was dark and good enough,
For Davie and for Joe;
For Davie went a-pantin' home—
And so did sad-heart Joe.

Joe found a blanket near the town,
And scooted for a mile;
The people wouldn't "stand it" for
The sight just drove them wild!

Joe got a whippin' from his aunt,
And scoldin's from his ma;
She threatened if e'er he was caught,
He'd sure deserve the law.

The rest of us agreed right there,
That we would all remember
The night that two old comrades lost
Their clothes in June-o'vember.

EVENING.

THE evening's dark; the clouds are fair;
Rare fragrance of the rose is there;
The evening breeze, the gentle air—
A charming picture everywhere.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

WHEN cloudy days sometimes appear,
And no one offers words of cheer,
Just smile and go about your work,
Don't ever, ever try to shirk;
And soon the skies will clear and say:
"At last, here is your golden ray!"
Take what you've earned; it belongs to you;
The goal is reached by pushing through.
Here now the skies are blue and bright,
The world shines with a golden light.
Now take your prize so truly won;
Beams forth the rays of His own sun.

NO EXPENSES.

I KNEW a man so stingy, that
He even cut his hair;
As for being mean and stingy,
He was known everywhere.

He never gave the barber work;
And painted his own houses;
He never sought a tailor shop,
But cut and made his trousers.

He gave nothing to the railroad,
To the street-cars not a cent;
But for his fine New York perfumes,
He cared not what he spent.

He never bought his coal to burn,
Instead, he cut down trees;
O very wise, so wise was he—
He knew he would not freeze.

He wouldn't send his child to school;
And made his cows stay home;
He'd never let his bees go out—
He wanted honeycomb!

He killed his cattle for their hide,
And wore the old-time cloth;
When winter came he often said:
"That's why I never cough!"

THE OLD, OLD DESK.

I'VE been away for many years,
I've traveled miles and miles;
And wandered almost all around,
And everywhere that was that sound—
The old, old desk.

I've often thought as time sped by,
I never would return;
Aha, no! for the old desk stood,
Which I myself did earn.

The pigeon-holes were just the same;
The blotter soiled a bit,
Where my old mother used to write
My letters, and would sit.

My pen was as I left it, yes,
To roam in youth's burlesque,
That sang sweet songs in former days,
From the heart of the old, old desk.

LITTLE ROSY.

YOU'RE all blossomed out, this morning,
Rosy,
Just yesterday, you were green and hard;
You're all blossomed out, this morning, posy,
The cherub of our whole big yard.

You're in beds of splendor, little Rosy,
In heaps and heaps of green leaves true;
You're in the best of care, my posy,
And all the big, grand world loves you.

Your unique leaves are very pretty,
Just like your little dainty head;
Your sweetness and your fragrant beauty
Are quite enough to wake the dead.

BOYHOOD DAYS.

AS I sit to-night, I'm dreaming
Of an old schoolmate of mine;
And how he would come to see me
Of a night, in time to dine.

How we'd talk of the great future,
That there is in store for all,
And of the type and printing press,
Aha, these words I still recall!

We'd sit and talk for hours,
By that old hand press of mine,
Swapping stories with each other,
And just swearing they were fine.

I can see his eyes yet sparkle,
As I think of that old time,
We were walking from the schoolhouse,
And he found a shining dime.

I remember how my mother,
Would so gladly read to us,
And tell us to be little men,
And not to "smoke or cuss."

How we'd sit up late of evenings,
Printing cards to the letter;
Trying to be like Ben Franklin
Only just a little better.

Yes, mother liked my partner, too,
And she wanted us to be
Such friends and comrades always true,
For a manly boy was he.

To-night I see his face so bright;
Not a picture made by man,
But a vision that is golden—
From that other, better land.

As here I sit and think of youth,
Old days come sadly to me;
Of my happy, cheerful boyhood,
And old Charlie's face I see.

To-night I feel so dreary, aha!
For I've seen the dear old face,
And even to the homestead,
In memory's sacred place.

'Tis well; we'll meet up yonder, yes,
Old Charlie I think'll know me;
And shake me by the hand just like
He'd do in old Chelsee.

BREAD AND BUTTER.

BREAD and butter, 'tis on thee
That I live continually;
It's thro' thee—I swear thro' thee—
Life brings all good things to me!

Let me move my chair up close,
Let me have a piece of toast;
Pass the butter for a spread,
Oh, there's nothing beats the bread.

Take your berries, meat, and corn,
And your oatmeal every morn;
Drink your coffee or your beer,—
Pass me bread throughout the year.

Aha! the bread is best of all,
Makes you grow both big and tall;
Pass the butter for a spread,
For there's nothing beats the bread!

LOVE.

LOVE is a weapon from above
That man shall have until
The presence of a charming dove,
Will come and say: Be still.

Love is a word of mystery,
Of truth, of thought, and pain;
We find in it desire to do—
Our souls give love free reign,

AMID THE FLOWERS.

ALL around me, close beside me,
Just the fragrant scent of flowers:
As I sit here sad and lonely,
How they shorten all my hours.

Like a ray of light at evening,
When the skies are dark and blue,
Brightening up my lonely pathway,
Recreate all life anew.

There are little plants just budding,
With tender heads so neat and sweet
If we nurse and love them truly,
In a race they'll run and beat.

Walking through the isles of flowers
In the quietness of the night;
Smelling this one, smelling that one,
As the soft moon shows its light.

Here's a pretty, fragile pansy,
Sweetest flower, except the rose;
Here's a flaunting, big red poppy,
Over all the moonlight glows.

Now the sweet scent of so many,
Makes my heart feel very glad;
For my worship of the flowers,
Soothes me when I am so sad.

Flowers like the sweet-faced children,
Grow and thrive 'neath sun and sky;
For them both the world rejoices—
Life we must not then deny.

AUTUMN TIME.

BLESSED frosts, ye frosts of autumn,
Ye have turned green leaves to brown;
Blessed winds, ye winds of autumn,
Ye have blown the brown leaves down.

Aha! some trees there in the distance
Show their leaves yet darkly red;
But they, too, will soon be withered—
Heaped in mounds among the dead.

On one tree the leaves yet ponder—
Alas, they will not linger long,
Ere cold winter comes and reigning,
Every leaf sings autumn's song.

Ditches all now filled with brown leaves,
In and out the bunnies play;
But the first cold snows of winter
Send them scurrying away.

Spring and summer's work is ended,
Nuts and pine-cones fill the wood;
Change in leaf, and field, and forest—
Still we find dear nature good.

MR. AND MRS. BIGNESS.

SOME people get so big sometimes,
But still they're "only one;"
It quite provokes and makes me mad,
To think that there a "ton."

Some people "put on" all they can,
But just to come out plain;—
Now please excuse me for a line—
They just give me a pain!

A dressed-up big head makes me laugh,
He's just a simple mule;
And tries to 'press on people's minds
He's "it!"—the gol darn fool!

Don't think that this is my best gait—
I would not have it so;
To think a thought unkind as that,
Would be indeed a blow!

SUMMER.

THE good old summer's dying,
But, ah, 'twill come again;
Then what's the use of sighing—
Next year, 'twill come again!

I AM JEALOUS.

THERE is William Jones, who's writing
for the papers, so they say,
Who is just as big a lummox as the average
country jay.
All they say he writes is nonsense that will
hardly ever go.
This is what I've got to believing, since I've
started out, and so
I am jealous.

There are people who are better, we can read
most every day,
And are writing mighty finely in a stylish
gifted way.
All they say Jones writes is nonsense that will
hardly ever go;
But we read in print his writing, and you
don't mind ever so—
I am jealous.

GIRLS—ASSORTED.

LOOK out for girls who are so young,
That every time they have some fun,
They run and tell their brother.

Look out for girls who are so nice,
That every time they see you twice,
They run and tell their mother.

Look out for girls that're hard to kiss,
For every time you kiss your miss,
She'll run and tell her brother.

Look out for girls that're hard to hug,
In cosy corners warm and snug,
They'll run and tell their brother.

Look out for girls who look so bad,
For boys, no doubt, have made them sad,
Because they had no mother.

VOLCANO ERUPTION. ST. VINCENT.

THE spring of 'nineteen-two came 'round,
And many horrors did abound;
The isle of Martinique destroyed,
Lava swept its homes, and void.

The people fled by scores and scores,
While down the burning lava pours,
Through prison walls, and many homes,
Where naught was heard but shrieks and groans.

A few indeed did make escape,
But many met a fearful fate.
A few remained to tell the tale,
That caused each hearer's cheek to pale.

True mothers with their babes in arms,
Tried hard to shield them from all harm.
So to the church they ran in hope;
To find it filled with lava-smoke.

For days they knew something was wrong;
The church bell had a different song;
They watched the sky and lowering clouds
That hung above the stricken crowds.

The holocaust of that May day,
Caused many men to kneel and pray,
That future generations be, aha!
Spared such great calamity!

A BACHELOR'S PRAYER.

SOME like the fat girls best of all,
And others like 'em skinny and tall;
But as for mine, "Make her just right,"
I pray thee, keep her out of sight!

INSPIRATION TO A YOUNG WRITER.

I'LL bet I send more stuff away than any other man;
Because it almost seems to me I keep a postal-man.
My news and stories are sent out, but only for a day;
For here they come a puffin' back, the very selfsame way.

Sometimes I think of all who write and even start to fret;
But still this is just nonsense, for I ain't no writer yet.
They say you're not a dandy pen until you've climbed the rounds.
If such is true, old man, at last I believe I've reached the bounds.

COME WHAT WILL.

IT is nice to build air-castles
And it's fine to have day-dreams;
It is high to aim at something
And get left so oft it seems.

It is wise to conquer failure,
And so great to meet with fame;
It is wrong, though, to be aiming
And to seek but just a name.

It is good to aim the highest;
And, if fate is at you thrust,
It is wise; for you've been noble,
And you'll stand it if you must.

ARE YOU THANKFUL?

IN the morning, do you pray
For His blessing all the day?
If you don't, you ought to!
Are you thankful every eve,
For the good you can believe?
If you're not, you ought to.

Do you listen to the birds?
Do you heed Dame Nature's words?
If you don't, you ought to!
Do you sow or reap the seed
Of a kind or noble deed?
If you don't, you ought to!

Are you trying to live better,
In the spirit, not the letter?
If you're not, you ought to!
All the blessings in your way—
Do you count them day by day?
If you don't, you ought to!

In the morning, do you pray
For His blessing all the day?
If you don't, you ought to.

THE REWARD OF LABOR.

THEY mount great pyramids with song,
Who build them piece by piece;
They climb to monuments so strong,
Who labor without cease.
With energy, they gain their wealth;
Good tidings come their way,
Luck is no word, but golden health
Sings sweetly night and day.
Their policy, who climb to fame,
Is stamped with footprints deep;
High slogans execute their aim
And build in this great world a name,
Fame's honors now they reap.

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